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AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT BEDFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

ON THE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN,

MAY 19th, 1850.

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BY ISAAC O. BARNES.

STON:
ALFRED MUDGE,
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Rev. J. Adams
from Alfred Mudge

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ADDRESS.

This is an occasion of unusual interest to all of us. It is an important epoch, not only in the history of our town corporation, but of the nation, and even of the world, which can scarcely be passed in silence, or regarded indifferently. It is a point of time, when all seem inclined to pause and review, as carefully and as much as it may be done, the events of the past.

The end of the present year completes a period of one hundred years, comprising the last half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries; and it may be well said to have been infinitely more eventful than any other equal portion of time since the apostolic age. One hundred years ago, Europe, — enlightened, refined, intellectual Europe, — had scarcely emerged from barbarism. George the Second sat upon the throne of England. The bloody massacre of Culloden had just been enacted; and had released the then new House of Hanover from further fear of the return of the Stuarts. Louis the Fifteenth reigned in France. Pope Benedict, in the eternal city. Elizabeth was Empress of Russia. Philip the Fifth was King of Spain; and Frederick the Great, and Theresa ruled, with despotic sway, in Austria and Germany.

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The population of Great Britain was not half as large as that of the United States is now. The whole number of British colonial subjects, on this continent, including those upon the adjacent islands, was less than three millions. There was no such nation as the United States; there were, instead, a few feeble and unimportant English colonies, made up of exiles from the mother country; having fled hither to escape persecutions, the most cruel, vindictive and unnatural. These colonists were still struggling with poverty, and still alarmed by constant incursions of the yet unconquered savage. The Canadas and Louisiana belonged to the French. That adroit and ambitious nation, had, long before, established a line of missionary stations from the gulf of the St. Lawrence to the falls of St. Mary's, and thence to the mouth of the Mississippi: the Jesuits were employed as their agents, — an order of the Roman Catholic Church most efficient and most faithful to their engagements. It is true, at that time, the mission-house had declined, and given place to the military garrison; but the subsequent conduct of the savage, along the French frontier, proved, but too clearly, that he had been taught to hate the English, and stimulated to the most ferocious deeds of cruelty on our borders. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, concluded only two years before, in 1748, while it was said to have secured only a "hollow peace" to Europe, really afforded no safety whatever to the British colonists here.

A hundred years ago, the New Hampshire troops had just returned gloriously triumphant from the capture of Louisburg. A Portsmouth merchant, William Vaughn, had planned this expedition; Geo. Whitfield, the celebrated English preacher, then in this State, had furnished this motto for the flag of the New Hampshire regiment, viz: "*Nil desperandum Christo duce.*" It was, in fact, a religious, and anti-Catholic crusade. So were all the inter-colonial wars, in which our fathers were engaged, on this continent. Hitherto, England had been a second-rate power; now, since the death of Louis

the Fourteenth, the splendor of the Court of St. Cloud began to pale: the relative strength of the two kingdoms had just been subjected to a severe test, — the French had failed to restore Charles Edward, the grandson of the renegade James, to the throne of his ancestors, — Catholic supremacy on the island of Great Britain was at an end. Soon the great struggle, on *this* continent, between these mighty antagonists was to come: the tempting prize was all the rich alluvial lands in the great valley of the Mississippi. It was soon to be decided, once and always, whether the French and Catholicism, or the English and Protestanism, were to be in the ascendant, and control the destinies of this nation.

A hundred years ago, Washington was a youth, just old enough to be enrolled in a military train-band; the elder Adams was not enough of a boy to labor in his father's shop; Jefferson was a mere child, and Madison and Munroe were unborn. A hundred years ago, and Wolfe and Montcalm were yet to fall in deadly strife before Quebec; the French were to be routed, to lose the mastery of the Canadas and Louisiana, and, finally, a footing upon the western continent.

A hundred years ago, and Louis the Sixteenth, and the hapless Maria Antoinette, were yet to fall under the axe of the guillotine. Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, were yet guiltless of the blood of their countrymen. Napoleon and Wellington were not yet; the fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and Waterloo had no bloody celebrity.

A hundred years since, and our colonies had not felt the oppression, and encountered the hatred of the mother country. The battles of Lexington, Bunker-Hill, Saratoga, Trenton, and Yorktown, were yet to be fought. Our own Stark had not yet won immortality at Bennington; nor had our Langdon, Pierce, Poor, Cilley, Sullivan, and last, though not least, our own townsman, John Orr, and hosts of others, yet earned the meed of praise, which is, and ever will continue to be, awarded to their patriotism and their valor. And less than half a hundred years since, this county of Hillsborough could

not boast of the heroic achievements of the gallant, but now lamented McNeil, nor the fearless Miller. Nor could we speak of the fresher laurels, which have just been gathered, by the younger Pierce; and by another son, as brave and as chivalrous as the best of them, Bowers, of Nashua.

But to come to the subject which to-day more particularly claims our attention.

A hundred years ago, there were residing within the limits of this town, then known as Narragansett, No. 5, some fifty families, comprising from two hundred to two hundred and fifty souls.

These families were scattered along the hill-side, hid away in the sunny nook, by the meadow-patch, or buried among the dark pines on the border of the great river, which forms our eastern boundary. They were an honest, industrious, frugal, faithful and pious people. Principally foreigners, or of immediate foreign extraction; they came here for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. In their own country, they could not lift up their voices, in praise and thanksgiving, to that Omnipotant Being, from whose boundless benificence comes every good and perfect gift; they could not bow down in humble adoration of their Creator; unless these acts were performed after the strict formulas of the Church of England. They must have suffered here, for many years, all the privations incident to a frontier life; and yet finding out, as they did, gradually, the resources and capabilities of the country, they must have cherished strong hopes for the future. Alas! such is the inevitable fate of man, that no one of them can be here to-day, to see their anticipations confirmed, or their hopes justified. No living soul, of all who rejoiced together, when the civil authorities granted the prayer of their petition, for an act of incorporation, giving them a new name, and enlarged powers and importance as a people; not one living soul of all of them, is left, to join with us, this day, in mutual congratulations for the successful issue of that embryo effort at self-government. The primeval rocks indeed

remain; here and there, a sturdy oak of the olden time still stretches forth the same branches, which sheltered our fathers from the summer's sun, and which have, so far, defied the wintry blast. The placid Merrimack still glides gently by us; but no man, no woman, no animated being, that had ever floated on its surface, or laved in its waters, is alive, to-day, to render thanks for this, among the thousands of Heavens blessings, which have been bestowed upon us.

"Where are the birds that sweetly sang,
A hundred years ago?
The flowers, that all in beauty sprang,
A hundred years ago?
The lip that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon, —
Where, O where, are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smile, the lover's sighs,
That where so long ago?

Who peopled all the city's streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that worked
Another's hurt, —
Where, O where, are the plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That were so long ago?

Where are the graves, where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who, whilst living, oft-times wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men,
They knew not then,
Their lands are tilled,
Their homes are filled. —
Yet nature, then, was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago."

I abstain at this time, purposely, from attempting anything like an outline, even, of a history of this town, because that task has been appropriately assigned to a committee of your citizens, and we all anticipate great pleasure in soon being able to avail ourselves of the result of their labor and research.

I may be permitted, however, to say as much as this, that the territory was granted by the "Great and General Court" of Massachusetts, not far from one hundred and twenty years ago. Included in the same grant, was land enough for six other town-ships. This grant was made to the soldiers, who had served in King Philip's, or the Narragansett War, and to their surviving heirs at law. In June, 1733, it seems, these grantees, in number, about eight hundred and forty, met, on the town-common, in Boston, for the purpose of dividing equitably, the property, thus given to them. They formed themselves into seven seperate societies, and each society organized and chose an executive committee, to look after its interests. One of these societies was composed of such of the grantees as resided principally in Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester and in that neighborhood. These executive committees afterwards, namely, on the 17th of October, 1733, met by appointment, in Boston. The numbers of the several town-ships, from number one to number seven, were placed in a hat, and Col. Thomas Tileston, of Dorchester, one of *our* committee, drew No. 5, known as Souhegan-East, before that time. It embraced all the land now within the limits of Bedford, and also that part of Merrimack north of the Souhegan River.

If this grant was the price of patriotism, it was an act of tardy justice to the parties to be rewarded; for the Narragansett War had long since ended. The treacherous and vindictive Philip, of Mount-Hope, had been hunted down and destroyed, sixty years before. The dreadful massacre of the young men at Bloody Brook, and the terrible penalty after-

wards inflicted upon the savages, at Turner's Falls, were, even then, tales of other times. But whatever was the motive or the cause of this grant from Massachusetts, this was the origin of Bedford. With very few exceptions, the original proprietors of this town sold out their interest in it, at an early period. They never came here to reside permanently. And I believe it would be difficult to find, to-day, more than two or three families, in the whole town, who are directly descended from any of the grantees of Narragansett, No. 5. I know of but two; one is the Chandler family, who are the lineal descendants of Zachariah Chandler, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass; and the other, the family of Gardner Nevins, Esq., who are the descendants, by the mothers' side, from John Barnes, of Hingham, Mass. The town was named by Governor Wentworth, no doubt, in honor of His Grace, the fourth *Duke of Bedford*, then Secretary of State, in the government of His Majesty, George the Second.*

Who were its first inhabitants? What was their origin? And what, if any, were the peculiarities of their character and condition?

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* For the gratification of persons curious in such matters, it may be stated that the name *Bedford*, is said by certain very early authorities, to be derived from a Saxon word, signifying "beds, or inns upon a ford." The situation of the very ancient and important town of the same name, in England, on both sides of the river Ouse, probably contributed to this interpretation of the word. Later writers, say, it was derived from "Buda" or "Beda," which means a petty king. The people of Bedford, in England, adopt the latter, as the true origin of the name of their town. It may be added, that, although Gov. Wentworth may have given the name to this town, yet, it is altogether probable, that the inhabitants themselves first suggested it, in honor of the noble Duke, who had for a long time most faithfully and honorably administered the government of the Island, from which their immediate ancestors had emigrated. The Duke of Bedford, held the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for many years. The Bedford family, or perhaps we should say, the *Russell* family, is one of the oldest and ever has been, and is now, one of the first families among the English nobility. The Present Duke *Francis*, has never been very actively engaged in political affairs, yet he is a man of great energy of character and enterprise, and will leave to his descendants, vast and valuable estates, redeemed and improved by his industry and his genius, as well as a name worthy his noble ancestry. His son and only child, William, Marquis of Tavistock, is now heir to the Dukedom. Lord John Russell, the present Prime Minister of England, is a younger brother of the Duke of Bedford.

I have preferred that a general answer to these inquiries should occupy much of the space assigned to me, upon this occasion, rather than to enter upon the discussion of topics, which, however they may befit the time and place, belong, much more appropriately, to others.

In the first place, then, almost the entire population of Bedford, was, at the time of its incorporation, of Scottish descent. There were a few, and but very few families from the colony of Massachusetts, and, of course, of English extraction. There may have been also one or two Irish families, — of pure Milesian blood. And there were *some* African Slaves. Of this last description of persons, there were, in this town, as shown by the Official Records, at the commencement of the revolution, ten. But a large majority of the people, of those who made the first openings, run the lines, marked the trees, — petitioned Governor Wentworth and His Council for an act of incorporation, on the 10th of May, 1750; — built the first meeting-house, and the first school-houses, and first dragged a seine in the Merrimack for shad and salmon, — of those, in short, who first came here with a fixed and settled purpose to abide permanently and to make this place their home, — trace their origin to *Scotland.* They are sometimes called *Scotch-Irish.* The reason for this peculiar designation, will soon appear. It is true that nearly all this class of settlers, or their fathers and mothers, came to this country, directly from the great Northern Province of Ulster, in Ireland. Yet they were, nevertheless, not Irishmen. No Irish blood ran in their veins. The two races were and are entirely distinct; as unlike as it is possible they can be, with the same general features, and the same color. They were no more Irishmen, than is a Connaught or Munster-man, who works upon our Rail-ways, a yankee; no more than is the European or American missionary or merchant, who takes up his residence at Macao, Hong Kong, or at the factories around Canton, a Chinaman. The Scotch and the Irish are as

dissimilar as possible, in their manner of life, their habits of thought and action, and especially in their forms of religious worship, and in their religious creed. The Scotch are zealous Protestants, and Presbyterians. The Irish as zealous Roman Catholics. The Scotch were the beseiged, and the Irish the beseigers at Londonderry. One party fought desperately at the Boyne, Limerick and Aithlone for William, and the other as desperately for James the Second. To this general rule there are, to be sure, some rare exceptions. There were Irishmen who joined the party supporting William and Mary, and they have been denounced as traitors and heretics for it ever since, by their countrymen. I suppose there *were* also Roman Catholic Scotchmen, though I think it would have been difficult to have found many of the latter, who professed the faith of St. Peters', at, or near the time of the last English Revolution. The protestant Irish are known to this day, by the term of "Orangemen." But this name was not applied to them, until many years after William, the Prince of Orange, had ceased to govern England, and to exist. The bitter prejudices, and hatred which have been engendered, in the old country, between the Orangemen and the Catholic Irish, have never abated to this day. And we have frequent occasion to lament the intemperate and foolish broils, which so often occurs between them, even in this country, where both parties are at full liberty to consult their own tastes and their own consciences, as to the manner of their religious worship, or their religious belief.

But, the inhabitants of Bedford were neither Orangemen nor Catholic Irishmen. They were Presbyterians and Scotchmen. Names which are almost synonymous. Born, and educated among these people, if I cannot say exactly with Byron, "I am half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one," I can appreciate the sentiment of the generous-hearted Jenny Deans, when she said to her countryman, the Duke of Argyle, referring to her dress, which was the national costume,

as she was suing through his influence, for the pardon of her unfortunate and condemned sister, "I thought your Grace's heart would warm to the tartan."

I can never forget, that my earliest and most intimate friends and associates claim a common father-land with Bruce and with Burns; that they could speak of the wild highland chiefs as of their own "kith and kin"—that they could talk of John Knox, as the founder of *their* church,—that the "Cotter's Saturday Night," was *their* poetry,—that Sir Walter Scott, and the authors of "Douglas" and the "Gentle Shepherd," were as much their countrymen, as if they had lived on the same side of the Atlantic.

I can never forget how readily, in the dreamy days of our youth, we could transport ourselves, in imagination, to that cold, but romantic region of Britain,—"where not a mountain lifts its head unsung,"—that we could climb over the Pentland and Grampian hills; fly o'er the "peak of Ben Lomond,"—take a sail upon Loch-Katrine—inspect the ramparts and battlements of castles Stirling and Dunbar—search the rooms in Holyrood House—find the blood-stains of Rizzio—deplore the fate of the unfortunate, perhaps, the guilty, Mary; and repeat with the poet,—

> "She was a *woman*, and let all
> Her faults be buried with her."

We did more than this. We stole away, again and again, into that fairy-land, which, the belief in the supernatural, has, for ages, firmly established in Scotland; there we danced with witches and warlocks, and consorted with Brownies, Kelpies, and Water-wraiths: or, under the guidance of the great poet of nature, we hied away to the castle of Macbeth, became familiar with the "wierd sisters;" "the white spirits and black, red spirits and gray," who first seduced the Scottish Thane, by fair promises and deceitful predictions, into murdering his kinsman and his sovereign; and

then, like the arch-fiend they served, left him in his extremity, miserably to perish, the victim of his own and his wife's wicked ambition. We could see, as palpably as could the guilty assassin himself, the air-drawn dagger that informed him of the "bloody business" upon which he was intent. We beheld also the ghost of Banquo, whose ugly visage and ill-timed visit so marred the feast, and frightened the host from his propriety. We saw "Birnam-wood come to Dunsinane," and heard the last agonizing cry of the dying tyrant.

We could scarcely fail to be reminded of the national character of our friends and neighbors, by listening to their *songs*. It is true there was no Wilson, nor Sinclair, nor Dempster to sing them; yet, I assure you, "John Anderson, my Jo," has been given here with *great effect*, we being the judges. How often has our boyish patriotism been aroused by "Bruce's Farewell;" — the sentiment of the "Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon," has been *felt* and appreciated here, as well as the "Farewell to Ayershire," and "Flow gently, sweet Afton:" — no flower was ever so sweet as the "Flower of Dumblain," as we have had it, with its sweeter accompaniments. And was there ever sung or said a nobler sentiment than — "A man 's a man for a' that, and a' that."

Need any one be told who composed the church and congregation here, when he, who ministered so many years at the altar, who solemnized the marriage-contracts, who officiated at the holy rites of baptism, who lifted up his hands in prayer, at the bed-side of the sick and the dying, was none other than a lineal descendant of that Highland clan, whose name he bore, and who "ever scorned to turn their backs on friend or foe." And of whom the song says: —

"While there's leaves in the forest and
Foam on the river,
Mac Gregor, despite them, shall
Flourish forever."

Again the Caledonian characteristics appeared as we saw,

> "On a winter's night, our granum spinnin,
> To make a web of good fine linnen."

But, alas! many of us are compelled to acknowledge that these youthful remembrances are fading out; that we have

> "Wandered mony a weary foot,
> Sin' auld lang syne,"

and that we are only too happy to avail ourselves of an occasion like the present, to come home, and say, "we cannot but remember that such things were, and that they were most precious to us."

As for myself, I adopt with all my heart, and assume as my own, the answer of the noble Duke, to the affectionate Jenny Deans before referred to. "MacCullum More's heart must be as cold as death, when it does *not* warm to the tartan."

Our earliest inhabitants were then, Scotch, in their origin; but they were called *Scotch-Irish*. Let us turn back to the written history of this peculiar people, and see what we can learn of them. We must commence as early as the reign of James the First, in 1603. Elizabeth, his immediate predecessor, had carried out, during her time, the rigorous and unrelenting policy of her father, Henry the Eighth, in harassing and persecuting her Catholic subjects; and especially, the Irish portion of them. By this means, the spirit of rebellion was *fostered*, not subdued, in that unfortunate Island. James, had not seen the end of the second year of his reign, before he was called upon to crush the conspiracies of Tyrone and Tyrconnel of Ulster, and soon to put down the rebellion of O'Dogherty and others. These conspirators and rebels, having either fled from their country, or having been slain in the several contests in which they were engaged, a very large section of the Province of Ulster, covering six counties, equal to a half a million of acres, reverted to the crown.

It became very important to James, to repeople this deserted territory, not only with loyal subjects, but with those of the Protestant faith.

For the early history of the Scotch-Irish, both while they were at home, and since their emigration to America, I am greatly indebted to Dr. William Henry Foote, of Virginia, who has, very recently, given to the world, two large volumes, one, entitled Sketches of North-Carolina, and the other, Sketches of Virginia; both of which, are filled, with highly interesting matter; chiefly touching the history of the Presbyterians, who came to this country at a very early period. He says, "that in the fulfilment of this design," that is, in furnishing Ulster Province with Protestants, "he (James) planted those colonies, from which, more than a century afterwards, those emigrations sprang, by which western Virginia and the Carolinas were in a great measure peopled." He might have included also, Londonderry, Bedford, New Boston, Antrim, Peterborough and portions of the inhabitants of many other towns, in this State, as well as of many towns in Massachusetts and Vermont. "The project of James," he goes on to say, "was grand and attractive, and in its progress, to complete success, formed a race of men, law-loving, law-abiding, loyal, enterprising freemen; whose thoughts and principles, have had no less influence in moulding the American mind, than their children to make the wilderness blossom as the rose."

The King seems, very naturally, to have selected his own countrymen, the Scotch, as far as he could, to take possession of these vacant lands which were now desolate, over-run with wood and infested with noisome wild beasts. But the Scotch, needy as they were, very reluctantly complied with the wishes of their sovereign; so forbidding was this Irish province, in all its aspects, that it was deplored as a calamity to be compelled to remove thither: and it was often sneeringly and reproachfully said of the unfortunate or the guilty,

"Ireland will be your latter end." In 1626, it began to improve rapidly; — an unusual religious excitement having prevailed throughout the province, attracted the attention of the Presbyterians of Scotland, and many ministers and their congregations hastened to Ireland, where, by their labors and unwearied efforts, they ultimately helped to lay the foundation of the Irish Presbyterian Church. One of the immediate results of this revival, was the establishing the *Antrim Monthly Meeting*, which afterwards came to be a very interesting and important religious association. The province of Ulster contrasts very favorably with any other portion of Ireland to this day. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland lately addressed a letter to the General Assembly of the same church in the United States; in which they say, "that, in Ulster, where their principles are more widely disseminated, the recent visitation of the famine and pestilence was much less severe, than in those provinces in which the Roman system still unhappily maintains its degrading and paralyzing ascendancy." Macaulay says, "that whoever passes from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county in Ireland, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization;" and this is confirmed by the statements of all observing travellers. In 1631, having heard of the success of their puritan friends, the Independents, or Separatists, who had settled at *Plymouth* eleven years before, and learning also that the *Salem* settlement, then three years old, was prosperous, the Presbyterians of Ulster anxious to escape, if possible, from the injustice of the perfidious Charles the Second, whose reign had just commenced, began to make preparations to remove to America. Agents were appointed, who proceeded to London, to procure a passage to New England; but for some reasons, unexplained, the project was defeated for a time. Soon after this, "they sent over an agent who pitched upon a tract of land near the mouth of the Merrimack river, whither

they intended to transplant themselves." This fact is stated by Cotton Mather. The expedition, which was undertaken in pursuance of the report of this agent, failed, as we shall see; but it is more than probable, that this was the cause of the settlement of our Londonderry, nearly a century afterwards: for we find the Ulster emigrants, who landed in Boston and Portland in 1718, immediately inquiring for lands on the Merrimack river, and there they did ultimately settle and remain.

But the attempt to reach New England, which was made in 1636, failed. The vessel, which sailed from Lock-Fergus, a port very near Belfast, in Ireland, on the 9th of September, was of one hundred and fifty tons burthen; she received on board one hundred and forty emigrant passengers, — her name was "*The Eagle Wing.*" Four of her passengers were distinguished preachers, — *Blair*, *Livingston*, *Hamilton*, and *McClelland.* Among others on board, there were families of the name of *Stuart*, *Agnew*, *Campbell*, *Summerville* and *Brown.* She was bound to New England. She was following directly and immediately in the track of the "*May-Flower.*" Her passengers were to have settled upon the Merrimack, — *our* Merrimack river. The "*Eagle Wing*" never reached her port of destination; but we will allow one of her passengers, the Rev. John Livingston, to give us the reasons for her failure. "We had," he says, "much toil in our preparation, many hindrances in our outsetting, and both sad and glad hearts in taking leave of our friends; at last, we loosed from Lock-Fergus, but were detained sometime, by contrary winds, in Lock-Regan, in Scotland, and grounded the ship to look for some leaks in the keel: yet, thereafter, we set to sea, and, for some space, had fair winds, till we were between three and four hundred leagues from Ireland, and no nearer the banks of Newfoundland, than any place in Europe. But, if ever the Lord spoke by his winds, and other dispensations, it was made evident to

us that it was not his will that we should go to New England, for we met with a mighty heavy rain from the north-west, which did break our rudder, which we got mended by the skill and courage of Captain Andrew Agnew, a godly passenger, and tore our foresail, five or six of our champlets, and a great beam under the gunner's room-door broke; seas came in over the round-house, and broke a plank or two on the deck, and wet all that was between the decks; we sprang a leak, that gave us seven hundred, in the two pumps, in the half-hour glass. Yet we lay at hull a long time, to beat out the storm, till the master and company came, one morning, and told us that it was impossible to hold out any longer, and although we beat out that storm, we might be sure, in that season of the year, to forgather with one or two more of that sort, before we could reach New England." The account goes on to state, "that amidst all the fears and dangers, the most part of the passengers were very cheerful and confident; yea, some, in prayers, expressed such hopes, that rather than the Lord would suffer such a company, in such sort, to perish, he would put wings to our shoulders and carry us safe ashore." Several of the passengers were sickly; an aged person and one child died; one child was born on ship-board. It was baptized by Mr. Livingston, and called *Seaborn*. After a long and most anxious consultation, with a fervent prayer to Almighty God for wisdom to direct them, the passengers agreed to yield to the earnest solicitations of the master. The ship was put about, and re-entered the harbor of Lock-Fergus on the 3d of November, having been absent about eight weeks.

The "*Eagle-Wing*" left the shores of Ireland, as did the May-Flower those of Holland, with the same high purpose, of finding a new habitation, where there was "*freedom to worship God.*" The "*May-Flower*" succeeded in reaching this continent; though, it is said, through the treachery of her master, at a point, very distant from that,

to which she was destined. The "*Eagle-Wing*" was compelled, by stress of weather, to return again to the land of religious intolerance.

The company of pious and devoted ministers, and their congregations, who left Ulster, in this vessel, with flattering hopes for the future, and who returned disheartened and cast down, had yet, in the Providence of God, a great work entrusted to their agency. "This company of men," as Dr. Foote says, "were, subsequently, the efficient agents in the hands of God of embodying the Presbyterians of Ireland, of spreading their principles far and wide, and marshaling congregation after congregation, whose industry made Ulster blossom as the rose. It was better that God's wise Providence sent them back to Ireland, and shut them up to the work — and last, it was best of all, that they laid the foundation of that church, which may claim to be the mother of the American Presbyterian Church, the worthy child of a worthy mother."

We must now leave, for a while, this little group of passengers, who composed the freight which the "*Eagle-Wing*" was too feeble to bear across the broad Atlantic, during the Autumnal gales of 1636. We are obliged to leave them in bad company, and, under circumstances most inauspicious; for we leave them to the tender mercies of the faithless Charles the First; to the uncertain and dangerous discretion of the shrewd, ambitious and unforgiving Oliver Cromwell; to the reckless and shameful profligacy of Charles the Second; and to the knavery and stupidity of the bigoted James the Second. Meanwhile, we must hasten to the consideration of some passages in their subsequent history, immediately connected with their actual emigration to this country.

Pass on with me now, for the space of fifty-two years, from 1636 to 1688. James the Second — the great-grandson of Mary, Queen of Scots, whom Elizabeth may almost be said to have murdered from envy, and the son of Charles the

First, who perished on the scaffold, because he kept faith with no party, — had abdicated the throne of England. He had previously sent his wife, Mary of Modena, and his infant and only son, to France. All his relatives had deserted him. Even his daughter Anne, and her husband, the Prince of Denmark, had fled from his palace in the night. He, himself, having seized the great seal of state, stole from his bed-chamber at early dawn, hastened to a boat, in readiness for him, threw the seal into the Thames and escaped down that river. After some further difficulties and delays, he reached Paris in safety. His eldest daughter, the offspring of his first wife, and her husband, William of Orange, were now proclaimed jointly King and Queen of England.

James, being in France, was urged and entreated, by the Catholic Louis, to return to Ireland, from which he had lately heard reports favorable to his cause, and to make a struggle to re-gain his crown. He at last complied, though with great reluctance, and being provided with twelve thousand French troops, a train of artillery and a supply of money, he landed in Kinsale, Ireland, in March, 1689. Stopping, for a very short time, at Dublin, he hastened to the north of Ireland, to *our* Ulster, with his foreign allies, and sat down before Londonderry, then in a state of seige.

You will pardon me, I feel assured, for recalling to your recollection some of the incidents, connected with the "*seige of Derry*," when you reflect upon the important bearing, which it had upon the character and destinies of our Presbyterian friends in the north of Ireland and their posterity, here and elsewhere.

I confine myself to Graham's account of it. On the third of December, 1688, an alarm was spread throughout the island, that the Catholic Irish had determined to rise and murder indiscriminately the protestants, on the next sabbath. The messenger, who carried this news to Derry, reported that on his way, he had passed the Catholic troops, and that

their advance guard was close upon the city. All was consternation and dismay. There were no military preparations for defence. The citizens ran together, each eagerly and anxiously inquiring what could be done. Many advised to open the gates and give their invaders an honorable reception. A few, bolder, and with better judgment, insisted that the gates should be shut, and that the soldiers should be resisted to the death. Among these were the *Rev. James Gordon*, of Clondormet, and *Horace Kennedy*, one of the Sheriffs. At length, there assembled a group of the "*Apprentices*" to the manufacture of linen, a large business at that time in Derry. These spirited apprentice boys heard the discussion of the public authorities, and perceived the danger to which the city was exposed. The soldiers began to cross the river and approach the walls of the town. A few of the leaders of the apprentices immediately seized the keys and rushing to the gates, shut them in the face of the enemy.

The seige was now commenced. The entire space, inclosed within the walls, was only two thousand feet in its longest diameter, and six hundred in its smallest. And yet there were shut up in this city, *twenty-seven thousand persons*, who were doomed to endure, for eight long months, famine and pestilence, constant exposure to the fire from the enemies batteries, and all the concurrent horrors which the imagination can conceive to exist under such circumstances. So feeble did the defences of the city appear, to De Rosen, the French officer, who came over with James, when he first saw it, that he exclaimed, with a disgusting oath, that "his men should bring it to him stone by stone." The French General was mistaken — he knew little of the determined energy of the men, women, and apprentice boys, with whom he had to contend. Exasperated, at length, that no offer to capitulate was made, he resorted to the brutal expedient of collecting from Belfast, (distant a hundred miles from

Derry,) and its neighborhood, over four thousand men, women, and children, of the Protestant party, without regard to condition; robbed them of their food and clothing, and drove them like so many cattle, under the walls of Derry, to perish in view of their friends.

To prevent this inhuman and barbarous destruction of life, the authorities of Derry erected a gallows on the walls of the town; sent to De Rosen for a priest to confess the prisoners, (some of them distinguished French officers,) assuring the general, that they should be hung, one by one, until there were no more to execute, unless he permitted the multitude under the walls to depart. This retaliatory measure produced the desired effect. The Belfast people were released, but not till hundreds had perished from starvation and exposure. In all the agony and despair of these unfortunate beings, while held by the infamous order of De Rosen, there were none of them but what urged their friends, within the walls, to hold on and hold out, and not to yield in sympathy to the sufferings of those on the outside. But I must not continue these horrible details. It suffices to say, that after having been reduced to the extremity of eating horse-flesh, of feeding upon dogs, cats, rats and mice, and when, at last, there remained but half a pint of meal to a man per day, when the soldiers began to glare upon the citizens, and upon each other, with the famished look of starving cannibals, the long hoped for relief came. The ships of King William hove in sight, with men and supplies. The seige was raised. The army departed; but not until the Catholic party had lost nine thousand of their soldiers and more than two hundred of their officers.

It would be difficult to find, in the whole history of modern warfare, an example of such endurance, of so much personal suffering, of such devotion to the cause in which they were engaged, as was exhibited by these resolute Presbyterians in the defence of their homes and their religion, at the seige of Derry.

The vast importance to the cause of Protestantism and the English government, of the successful defence of this fortress, will be appreciated, when it is understood that James anticipated its speedy reduction, and had made his arrangements to cross directly over to Scotland, join the infamous Claverhouse, make a rapid descent upon England, and drive his son-in-law, William, back to his native Nassau. The names of these apprentice boys, who so nobly shut the gates, and thus defeated the ultimate purposes of the beseiging party, as Graham says, "deserve to be preserved in letters of gold." Many, very many of their descendants, are now to be found in this country. They are known to be in Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, here in New Hampshire, and doubtless, in many other states of the Union. The leaders, and more prominent of these young men, were *William Crookshanks, Robert Sherrard, Daniel Sherrard, Alexander Irwin, James Stewart, Robert Morrison, Alexander Coningham, William Cairns, Samuel Hunt and Samuel Harvey.*

Never were a people more unfortunate after all their efforts, than were these brave Presbyterians! They had held the troops of James in check, while they defended successfully the last stronghold of King William in Ireland, and until Claverhouse had been attacked and destroyed in Scotland. They had freely mingled their blood with the waters of the Boyne. They had consecrated the "billowy Shannon," that "river of dark mementos," by the sacrifice upon its banks, of their dearest friends, before the gates of Limerick and Aithlone. They had, in short, expelled James and his allies from the land, and were looking with great confidence for something like tolerance in religious belief and religious worship, from William of Nassau and his protestant wife. But they were doomed to the sorest disappointment, and ultimately became so disgusted with the calculating and selfish policy of William, his unreasonable and unjust demands of rents and tythes, as well as with the exactions and persecu-

tions of the Anglican church, which now came to be regarded by them, as little better than the Roman Catholic, that they determined, once and forever, to abandon their country, and seek refuge in the wilds of America.

The tide of emigration, now began to flow towards this country. "Ship load, after ship load," sailed from Ulster, with better success, than had attended the "*Eagle-Wing.*" These vessels reached our shores in safety, and the descendants of the immigrant passengers, whom they bore hither, may be counted to-day, by the thousands and tens of thousands, on the broad fields of Pennsylvania, in Virginia, in the Carolinas; in every portion of the sunny South. Away across the mountains, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and everywhere, in the mighty West; and here, among our own Granite-Hills; and, indeed, in greater or less numbers, throughout the entire Union; the same conscientious, determined, unyielding, persevering men and women, as were their fathers and their mothers, who sacrificed every earthly comfort, in defence of that cause, the nearest and dearest to their hearts, the principles of the religion of Calvin and Knox.

The first Presbyterian minister, who came to America, was *Francis Mackemie*; and the first Presbyterian church on this Continent, was gathered by his exertions, in Accomac County, in Virginia. He assisted also, in organizing churches in Maryland, the precise time is not known: but it must have been just at the close of the seventeenth century. His name indicates his origin. *He* also was from Ulster, and Scotch-Irish. Mather says, there were "Presbyterian ministers, residing in New England, before Mackemie's time." But, if there *were* such ministers, they very soon adopted the "Congregational form of disipline." *We* know of no earlier churches of the Presbyterian denomination in New England, than that in Londonderry, in this State, which commenced with the town itself, in 1719; and the Federal Street Church,

in Boston, gathered in 1727, the members of both of which came from the same common stock, the Scotch-Irish, in Ulster. The congregational form of government, was adopted in the Federal Street Church, in 1786. It is the same church, over which Dr. Belknap, the historian of New Hampshire, was settled, in 1787, and subsequently, the late celebrated Dr. Channing, and is now under the pastoral care of Dr. Gannett.

Mackemie's churches were certainly organized more than twenty years before either of these. Mackemie was ordained, at Lagan, Ireland, as early as 1682. He went first to Barbadoes, and thence to Virginia and Maryland. He, at one time, officiated as minister in the church, which he had assisted to organize at Snowhill, in Worcester County, Maryland. He was a man of extraordinary intellectual powers, and was universally beloved by the people of his charge. Irving Spence, Esq., in his letters on the early history of Presbyterianism, says " that the memory of no gospel minister was ever held in higher honor by an American congregation, than that of Mackemie at Snow-Hill. Tradition has made a record of his many excellencies, and one generation has uttered his praises in the ears of its successor, and you may ever yet hear its echo." In the village of Rehoboth, Maryland, near the Virginia line, there is, at this day, a Presbyterian church organized in the time of Mackemie. Dr. Foote, to whom I am indebted for this sketch of the father of Presbyterianism, in America, says, " you may find now in Accomac, Virginia, a congregation of Presbyterians, rising, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of those, who heard Mackemie preach and pray."

Mackemie revisited his native country, in 1704, and induced other Presbyterian ministers to come and settle in this country. Two of these ministers, were *NcNish* and *Hampton.*

Mackemie assisted in forming the first Presbytery in America, at Philadelphia, probably in 1705; though the first

leaf of the records of that Body is missing, and the precise time cannot now be known. The first Presbytery in New England was formed in Londonderry, N. H., April 16, 1745, by John Morehead, of Boston, James McGregore, of Londonderry, and Robert Abercrombie, of Windham, with an elder from each of these churches. The first Synod in New England was formed at Seabrook, N. H., May 31, 1775; the first meeting of this Synod was held at Londonderry, N. H., September 4, 1775. It was composed of three Presbyteries, namely, the Presbytery of Salem, the Presbytery of Londonderry, and the Presbytery of Palmer; the Church of Bedford was represented there by Rev. Mr. Huston, and belonged to the Presbytery of Palmer.

In 1706, Mackemie and his friend and fellow-laborer, Hampton, commenced a journey from Virginia to Boston. On their way, they stopped in New York to pay their respects to Lord Cornbury, then the Governor of that Province; they were treated courteously and, upon invitation, dined with his Excellency at the castle. Afterwards, they were invited to preach by some Presbyterians settled in New York, and they did preach; Mackemie in the dwelling-house of William Jackson, in Pearl Street, and Hampton, on the same day, at Newton, Long Island. For this they were both arrested, by *Thomas Cardale*, sheriff, on a warrant, signed by Lord Cornbury, charging them with having taken it upon them to preach in a private house, *without having obtained a license* for so doing, contrary to the known laws of England; and being, likewise, informed that they were gone into Long Island with intent there to spread their pernicious doctrines and principles, to the great disturbance of the Church by law established; and directing the sheriff to bring the bodies of Mackemie and Hampton to Fort Anne. They were both arrested and imprisoned in the fort; indicted by the grand jury, and, after suffering a long confinement, were brought to trial. The prosecuting attorney called four witnesses, who

had heard Mackemie preach; but the defendant told him they need not be sworn. "I own," said Mackemie, "the matter of fact as to preaching, and *more* than these gentlemen could declare on oath; for I have done nothing therein of which I am ashamed, or afraid; but will answer it not only before this bar, but before the tribunal of God's final judgment."

Attorney. You own then that you preached, and baptized a child at William Jackson's?

Mackemie. I did.

Att'y. How many hearers had you?

M. I have other work to do, Mr. Attorney, than to number my auditory, when I am about to preach to them.

Att'y. Were there above five hearing you?

M. Yes; and five to that.

Att'y. Did you use the rites and ceremonies enjoined by, and prescribed in, the book of Common Prayer, by the Church of England?

M. No; I *never* did, nor ever will, till I am better satisfied in my conscience.

The trial proceeded, and, in spite of all the efforts of Cornbury and his officers, they were both acquitted by the petit jury, and set at liberty; not, however, till they had been compelled to pay an exorbitant bill of costs!

Would any one believe, now, without evidence which cannot be impeached, that such a scene as this was exhibited in *Protestant* New York, under the reign of Queen Anne, not one hundred and fifty years ago? while in *Catholic* Maryland a man might live in peace, whether Jew, Mohammedan, or pagan, — whether Atheist, Deist, or Polytheist, — provided he neither molested his neighbor, nor endangered the public morals. The truth is, that "great moral cataclysm of the Reformation," as it was called, so far as all the Tudors and Stuarts were concerned, from Henry the Eighth to Anne, amounted substantially to this, and nothing more, —

it was a transfer of spiritual power from Rome to London; from the Vatican to St. James's; from the Pope to the Monarch of England. Protestantism was a matter of convenience, merely to the crown. Elizabeth is said to have *married* Protestantism, and to have taken its *name;* but, it is added, "most of the court Protestantism of her time was of a damaged character." It was assumed that the sovereign of Great Britain, whoever it might chance to be, man or woman, boy or girl, was, *jure divino*, the head of the church; from whom eminated, and in whom centered all spiritual power, and all ecclesiastical authority; the head of the Church and of the State, was one and identical. The *immediate government* of the church was committed to the Bishops, — the lordly prelatical bishops, as they were called by the Puritans, — the *higher* order of the clergy. The Anglican Church, thus constituted, became, as it was fitly denominated, the "queen, mistress, or nothing," and withal was a tremendous political engine, with which to govern and control the nation. Henry the Eighth wielded this power with a frightful energy; "he burned as heretics, those who avowed the tenets of Luther; and hung as traitors, those who owned the power of the Pope." He required unconditional submission to his authority, as self-constituted head of the Church. His successors, down to the period of which we are treating, at least, followed his example, so far as they had the ability, and circumstances would permit.

To this church organization and this form of church government, the Presbyterians dissented from the beginning, *toto coelo.* They never could, nor ever did, admit but one Great Head of the church, the Saviour of the world. They never could, nor ever did, admit the unscriptural assumption of *different grades* of the clergy. They never could, nor ever did, admit the right of the mother church to prescribe the forms of prayer and supplication which should be offered at the throne of our Heavenly Father.

For this non-conformity to the will of the Bishops, they have been hunted down, like wild beasts, among their native mountains — they have been chained to the sea-shore at low-water, and left to drown by the sure reflux of the tide — they have been subjected to the excrutiating torture of the "iron-boot" — or to the still more exquisite and horrible pains of the thumbikin. For this non-comformity, in matters purely of conscience, they have "suffered extremites, that tongue cannot describe, and which heart can hardly conceive, from hunger, nakedness, lying in damp caves, and in the hollow clefts of naked rocks, without shelter, covering, fire or food." They fell by the hand of the assassin; were slaughtered by thousands, in battle. They have been fastened together, like dogs in leashes, and driven as a spectacle through the country. People have been put to death, for daring even to *speak* to them, in their distress. Fathers have been persecuted for supplying the wants of their children, and children for nourishing their parents, husbands for harboring their wives, and wives for cherishing their husbands. In all these trials, sufferings, privations, tortures, and even in the agonies of death itself, they were sustained by their own approving consciences, by a steady and unshaken reliance upon the promises of God, and, above all, by the great example of the patient endurance of Him, who died for us all, on Mount Calvary. These men and women had subscribed the national "solemn league and covenant," that "copious and poetical creed," that great declaration of the independence of the church. They had proclaimed their eternal separation, in spiritual matters, from the civil government of the land; and like the fathers of this American Republic, they had pledged their lives, their fortunes, and all that was dear to them, to the fulfilment of these sacred engagements.

Were the descendants of such a people, and, especially, was Francis Mackemie, one of the most talented and able

and conscientious of their sons, to be deterred by the threats, or hindered by the malice of a petty colonial governor, from fulfilling his mission of preaching the gospel, in its simplicity and truth, upon the continent of America?

But the time was very soon to arrive, when neither Lord Cornbury, nor the government of Virginia, nor the Legislative nor Executive power of any of the colonies, nor all of them combined, could hinder nor prevent the free and unrestrained promulgation of the doctrines of Presbyterianism throughout the length and breadth of the land. This church was about to arise, and, in her strength, to stand boldly forth, and assert her rights and defend her doctrines. The people were beginning to gather around her ministers, and to listen, with more interest, and increased attention to their instruction. Soon some of her ablest advocates and most eminent teachers were to take the field — soon was to arise the first of that series of "*Log Colleges*" which afterwards proved of incalculable advantage to the church, and to the people, as the nurseries of sound learning and piety — soon, were to appear, the Tennents, father and sons, the Blairs, that "Apostle of Virginia," Samuel Davis, our own MacGregors, the Smiths, Stanhope, and a host of other able and popular preachers and "men of mark." The Presbyterian faith and its legitimate fruits came to be better understood and more highly appreciated — the immediate government of every church by elders, chosen by its own members — the perfect equality of the clergy — those spiritual judicatories, the church session or consistory — the Presbytery or classis — the Synod and the General Assembly, rising regularly and gradually, one above another, each exercising only such powers, as are specially delegated by its own legitimate constituency, and all operating as a system of checks and balances upon each other, present to the mind a model of republicanism, which it would be difficult to excel, in framing a civil code, based upon the representative principle, for any people.

Permit me now for a moment, to turn to another and a very large and interesting division of the Presbyterian Church of the United States; I mean the accessions which have been made to its numbers directly from Scotland.

The great influx of Scotch emigrants to this country, began in 1747. It was the year which followed the battle of Culloden. It is hardly necessary to repeat a very familiar historical account of the ill-advised efforts of *Charles Edward*, the grandson of James the Second, who so ingloriously fled from his kingdom, sixty years before, to regain for his family the crown, which his ancestor had so foolishly and so basely lost.

With a few friends, a few stands of arms, and very little money or means, this enthsiastic young Prince landed in Scotland, on the 16th of July, 1745. A portion of the Highland clans, and some others from an inherent principle or impulse of loyalty for the legitimate heir to the crown, and some, perhaps, from a mere spirit of adventure, rallied around his standard. At his first appearance, wild and impracticable as his scheme seemed, to the sober and judicious, he occasioned, nevertheless, much excitement. It will occur to you at once, that this is the same personage referred to in the chorus of a popular song of the times, which was "Who'll be King but *Charlie.*" George the Second, then King of England, became alarmed at the progress of Charles Edward, and his followers, and sent the Duke of Cumberland, with an army, to chastise the invader, and to punish his rebellious subjects in the north. The hostile parties met at *Culloden*, near Inverness, in Scotland. The party of the Pretender was totally defeated; the principal escaping, barely with his life. Cumberland pursued the fallen foe, with unnecessary, with even *brutal* severity, killing in cold blood, the unfortunate adherents to Charles, and burning their houses over their heads. He received the name of "the *butcher,*" on account of the atrocities of which he was then guilty. He carried many of

his prisoners to London. Many were publicly executed, as a warning to the rest of the King's subjects. The offenders were, however, so numerous, that George II. at length changed his course towards them, and granted a general pardon, upon the condition, that they would first take the oath of allegiance to him, and his house, and then emigrate to the plantations. Preferring expatriation, to an ignominious death, they, of course, availed themselves of the royal clemency. Soon they began to land on the shores of America. The first important settlement which they made, was on the Cape Fear river, in North Carolina. This settlement proved to be a very valuable acquisition to the Presbyterian Church, and ultimately to the country. Industry, frugality, intelligence, and consequently, correct moral deportment, were then, as now, characteristics of the Scotch. These qualities belonged eminently to the Cape Fear settlement. They were strict conscientious Presbyterians. They had taken the oath of allegiance to their King. It was the condition of their pardon. It will not then be thought so wonderfully at variance with the standard of morality, if many of these people are found at the commencement of the war of the Revolution, to reluct at taking arms against the government they had so solemnly sworn to support. Nor will it be considered so uniformly an offence altogether unpardonable, if they are at first, found to raise their voices and their arms in the cause of their anointed sovereign. When we censure, with our accustomed severity, all those who did not heartily unite, at the out-set, with the popular party of '75, we must remember, that these Scotchmen, of all the rest of the world, had the best reason to dread the very *name* of civil war and revolution. Besides, the course then adopted, was unquestionably, with many of them, the result of an irrepressible feeling of loyalty, as well as sense of religious obligation to keep faith with the government, which protected them. Does it become us to stigmatize with opprobrious epithets all those pious and conscientious

persons clergymen and laymen, who fled the country, or who refused to lend their aid to the Revolutionary party in our incipient struggle with the mother country? Is it not much more charitable, and abundantly more rational to suppose, that many of them, our own countrymen as well as the Scotch, acted from high moral and religious principle?

We had a remarkable instance of political defection, very near home; our first minister, the Rev. John Huston, refused to subscribe to the "*association test.*" He was the only man in the town who did not pledge himself, body and soul, to the cause of freedom. Let us, before we utterly condemn his course, look for a single moment at the circumstances attending his acts. He was alone in his views; nobody sustained him, not a single member of his church or congregation: look at him when the doors of his church were shut upon him, when he was forbidden ever again to ascend to the sacred desk; when the officers arrested him, and required bonds for his detention within the limits of the county; when he was spurned by his former friends; when all the insults of an excited and indignant people were cast upon his defenceless head, — and then say, in candor, whether he probably endured all this, simply because he was an enemy to a republican form of government? or rather, whether he was not acting under the belief that he was forbidden, by one whose commands he dared not disobey, to resist and levy war upon the "powers that were." Let us be kind, let us be charitable; let us, at least, be *just* to the memory of our long since departed, sincere, but sadly mistaken, spiritual guide and minister in holy things. He has gone, as have the early settlers on Cape Fear river, and thousands of others, who fell into the same error, to their final account. And we, who have been made happy in the triumph of liberty — in the overthrow of despotism — in the glorious results, which have succeeded the efforts which they opposed, after

all, feebly and ineffectually, can afford to forget and forgive ; "*Nil mortuis nisi bonum.*"

I am strongly tempted, even at the hazard of your reproof, for trespassing too long upon your kind indulgence, to introduce a single Scotch Presbyterian Emigrant, who came here as late as '75, and joined her friends in North Carolina — a woman, one whose name has adorned the pages of history and of romance, and has been rendered immortal by the best pen, that ever described Scottish scenery or Scottish character — she is none other than *Flora MacDonald.*

Go with me, in imagination, to an island called South-Uist one of the Hebrides, near the western shore of Scotland. There we shall find, hid away in a cavern, by the sea-side, the Prince, *Charles Edward*, just escaped from the hot pursuit of the soldiers and spies of the Duke of Cumberland, after the disasters of Culloden. He is here, under the care of the Laird of Clanranald, though in imminent peril, every moment, of falling into the hands of his enemies, who have pursued him like blood-hounds, and are now searching the island for his hiding-place. Various expedients have been devised to effect his safe removal. In the midst of anxious deliberation, among his friends, Flora MacDonald, a relative of Clanranald, accidentally arrived on a visit. A young lady just returned from Edinburgh, where she had been to be educated, beautiful, kind-hearted and devotedly attached to the cause of Charles. Her father was dead. Her mother, who had married a second time, lived on the neighboring Isle of Skye, where Flora was born, and where was then her home.

A romantic scheme was now proposed for the deliverance of the Pretender. This was, that he should put on the dress of an Irish serving-woman, and leave, for the Isle of Skye, in the company of a female. Flora was requested to take the principal part in this perilous enterprise. Such was her zeal for her fallen, though still her "rightfu' lawfu'" Prince and

heir to the throne, that she consented. With the utmost difficulty, the party escaped in the night, in a boat, the Prince attired as a female servant, and assuming the name of *Betsey Burke*, with nothing but the feeble arm and woman's wit of Flora McDonald, for his protection. They encountered a storm of much severity, during the navigation of that fearful night. At early dawn the next morning, they attempted to land at point Weternish, on Flora's home island. They were suspected by some soldiers, who fired upon their little bark. They retreated, and soon gained the shore at another place, in safety. Here again, in another sea-side cave, this young man, the object of so much solicitude, was carefully secreted, while Flora hastened to procure food and relief for him. By the advice of her friends, as soon as they were refreshed, Flora, still accompanied by Charles, in the dress of *Betsey Burke*, made all haste to reach the town of Kingsburg, on the opposite side of the Island, a distance of twelve miles, which they performed on foot that day. The danger was now considered past — the Prince was saved. At parting, he kissed his fair guide, and said to her: "Gentle, faithful maiden, I entertain the hope that we shall yet meet in the Royal Palace." But they never met again. The poor broken-hearted Prince was doomed to die in obscurity. Flora was soon after arrested, and with many others who had participated with her in this bold and romantic adventure, carried to London and imprisoned in the Tower, on a charge of aiding and abetting attempts against the life of King George the Second. During her imprisonment, many of the English nobility became interested in the fate of this high spirited and noble hearted girl. Learning that she was a Presbyterian, and of course, not a partisan of the Pretender, whose life she had saved by her courage and her sagacity, the King was prevailed upon to pardon her. She was sent back to her native Island, literally loaded with the richest presents. She was married four years after her release, to Allen McDonald,

and continued to reside in the Isle of Skye. She became the mother of a numerous family, and in 1775, *came to this country and settled in North Carolina.* The time of her arrival here was unfortunate for her — the Revolution had but just begun. Her kinsman, Donald MacDonald, who had been an officer in the '45 of her favorite Charles and who had taken the oath of allegiance to George the Second, and emigrated to save his life, was already a military officer in this country, in the King's service, by the appointment of the Governor of North Carolina. Flora MacDonald, was therefore at once surrounded by such influences, as to induce her to lend her aid to the royal party in the Carolinas. Her friends, including her husband, who opposed the patriots, were soon defeated as disastrously as they had been at Culloden. After much suffering, great privations, and pecuniary loss, she, with her family, left our shores, for the place, where, thirty years before, she had bid farewell to Prince Charles. She had hazarded her life, first for the House of Stuart, and then for the House of Hanover, and she had the best reasons for saying, with the good natured Mercutio, in the play, "A plague o' *both* the houses." She was an exemplary woman, in all the relations of life, modest, gentle, and retiring in her manners, and Dr. Foote says, "her memory will live in North Carolina, while nobleness has admirers, and romantic self-devotion to the welfare of the distressed can charm the heart," and, adds, "Massachusetts has her Lady Arabella, Virginia her Pocahontas, and North Carolina her Flora Mac Donald."

I ought to mention the fact, in this connexion, that in the old north state, to this day, the original character, habits, and even the language of the Scotch are preserved and continued, with less of change, than in any other part of the United States. In some of the churches, in the presbytery of Fayetteville, the gospel is still preached in the native tongue of the Highlanders, the Gaelic.

It was in Fayetteville where Flora MacDonald resided for some time. Her house, which had become an object of great interest to visitors, was unfortunately destroyed a few years ago, by fire.

I cannot forego the pleasure of referring to one other Presbyterian heroine, who has been connected with events of a much more recent date, and the account of whose courage and intrepid conduct I have very lately received from her own lips, much more in detail, than I can now repeat it. Franklin Chase, our Consul at Tampico, just after the battles on the Rio Grande, received peremptory orders to leave the town and Mexican Territory, in six hours, and not to disobey, upon the peril of his life. The order was in direct violation of the treaty, between the two countries; yet from the revengeful character of the people, he knew it would be executed to the letter. He was largely engaged in trade. All his property consisted of a house, and a store filled with valuable goods. He prepared, of course, to leave all: but his wife, *Ann Chase* refused to go with him. He entreated and commanded her, but to no purpose. At length, tearing himself away, he was enabled to reach an American Sloop of War, lying in the offing, just in season to comply with the tyrannical order of the Mexican General. Mrs. Chase, was now left alone. There was not an American in the place. She was surrounded by excited and bitter enemies, a defenceless woman. But she did not falter or flinch, or droop in despondency. She was equal to the emergency. She soon began to make preparations to effect the surrender of the town to the Naval forces of the United States, then cruising in the Gulf of Mexico. She engaged certain Mexican pilots, to give her the exact soundings over the bar, at the mouth of the river, on which the city stands. With the aid of this information, and an old English chart, she constructed a plan of Tampico, and its neighborhood. She then contrived to open a correspondence with the Commodore of the American fleet. She

was carried herself in an open canoe, rowed by two Indians, twenty miles to sea in the night, to the Commodore's ship. She there furnished him with the plan already prepared; and made arrangements to raise a signal in the town, when the proper time should arrive for a safe landing. She returned, unobserved, and unharmed, and immediately set to work to redeem her pledge, to the Commodore. One bright morning, soon after, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the Mexicans, she was seen on the highest point of the roof of her dwelling-house, her arm encircling and sustaining a flag-staff, from which floated in the breeze, the American stars and stripes.

In vain the people shouted to her, and threatened her with instant death, if she persisted in maintaining her position. She replied, in her accustomed calm and collected manner, "*you can do me but little harm: you can only rob me of a few short years of life, by any death you can inflict. I have raised this flag of my country over my house, and here it shall remain. I have taken my stand under its folds, and it shall be my shroud, if I perish upon this roof.*" And there she did remain, until relieved by a detachment of officers and men, from the American Squadron, accompanied by her husband. The result is well known. The Mexicans became alarmed, panic-stricken, and finally fled in all directions. The town, was completely deserted, before a single boat had landed. Mrs. Chase, alone, had put to rout the inhabitants, soldiers and all, and was sole mistress of Tampico.

For this daring and brilliant exploit, she deserved, and has received the highest commendations, the praise and the thanks of the people of the United States. The city of New Orleans, presented to her, a splendid service of plate. The ladies of Cincinnati, sent her a beautiful flag. Others, have honored her, by forwarding to her, swords, fire-arms, and even pieces of artillery, in token of respect, for this deed of heroism.

It is almost impossible, to disconnect in our own minds, such a female, from all that is masculine, ferocious, and pas-

sionate. Yet, if you should ever have the good fortune to meet this lady, you will find her, quiet, modest, and retiring; intelligent, kind and benevolent; a pious, devoted Presbyterian, and just the last person, one would have selected at first sight, for the warlike service in which she was involved.

It is hardly necessary for me to add, that she is descended from the same stock, we have considered so much, to day; that she is one of the very best of that people, who are "brave as they are gentle, and gentle as they are brave." She is *Scotch-Irish*; her parents are of Londonderry, on the Foyle, and she is related, in no very distant degree, to the noble house of the *Red Douglas*.

We had, but a few short months since, *here*, in our midst, an eminent and striking example of the high moral and intellectual qualities, of the Scotch-Irish character, in a female, a native of this town. One, whose presence we sadly miss now. It is true, she had never endured the horrors of a beleagured town, she had saved no fallen prince from an untimely death: she had captured no city. No emergency ever occurred, connecting her name with any perilous, or romantic adventure. She was no heroine, in the common acceptation of the term. Hers was a life of calm, quiet, steady, but earnest devotion, to one great end and purpose; namely: the moral, religious and intellectual culture of the youth, of her time. In this cause she labored and toiled, in comparative obscurity, to be sure, for the last fifty years. It is, perhaps, praise enough to say, that at the time of her death, she could undoubtedly have summoned around her more well instructed pupils, than any female of her age, in New England.

There are few natives of Bedford, who came upon the stage, since the commencement of the present century, who do not remember, with grateful affection, the valuable instruction, the kind advice, the pious and excellent precepts and example, of *Ann Orr*. Who of us, does not *feel* to-day,

that we should experience an additional thrill of pleasure, if we were able once more, to cluster around our kind-hearted, strong-minded, and sensible old school-mistress, take her by the hand, and ask of her the continuance of the approbation and the blessings which she bestowed upon us, when we were her "boys."

But this cannot be. She, too, has left us. She sleeps on yonder rising ground, never to awake, until all are summoned — the teacher and the taught — the master and the pupil — the learned and the ignorant — the wise and the foolish, to render a final account to the great Judge, whose name she told us to reverence, and whose example she prayed we might imitate.

Presbyterianism, that is, the government of the church by elders, and the utter negation of all prelatical power, in ecclesiastical affairs, dates very far back. It was found, according to Dr. Miller, among the simple-minded Paulicians, in the seventh century. It was the church government of the Albigenses, and of the Waldenses, including the Bohemian Brothers. It can be traced even to the synagogues of the Jews, before the Saviour's advent. It has been sustained by the most eminent believers in christendom. By Luther and Melancthon and Bucaer, in Germany. By Favel, Calvin, and others, in France and Geneva. By Zuingle, in Switzerland. By Peter Martyr, in Italy. By A. Lasco, in Hungary By Junius, and others, in Holland, and by a decided majority of the enlightened and pious friends of the Reformation, in England.

Here, it is comparatively modern and new. We derive it from Scotland, its "homestead," in Great Britain, and principally, through the Scotch-Irish of Ulster; although we are largely indebted to the Scotch, the Huguenots and the Hollanders, for many professors.

We must not forget, that it first began on this Continent, with Francis Mackemie, only one hundred and fifty years ago,

on a narrow strip of land, between the Chesapeake and Delaware; that, then, hardly venturing to show its face in the light of day, it was seen begging of the Cavaliers of Virginia for a license to assert its doctrines; that it was punished by imprisonment in New York, and spurned by the Church of England, as "a religion not fit for a gentleman."

The Separatists, Independents, or Congregationalists, as they are now everywhere known, had occupied all the ground in New England, long before Presbyterianism made its appearance. Carver, Bradford, and Standish came one hundred years before MacGregore, Cornwell, and Boyd. The "Speedwell" had, indeed, been driven back by the tempests of the ocean, like the "Eagle-Wing;" but the "May-Flower," had weathered the storms, and brought with her, to our own shores, the representatives of one great division of the puritans of Great Britain. These men, the "Pilgrim Fathers," had established a *Spiritual democracy*, under the name of Congregationalism, a system of church government, which originated here, and with them, and which so well accorded with the prevailing sentiment of the times, that it was almost universally accepted in the New England Colonies. *Republican Presbyterianism*, had, therefore, to seek another field for her labor. That field she found in the vast territory of the Middle, Southern, and ultimately, of the Western and South-western States. The progress and relative condition of the two systems, may be learned, very readily, by consulting the religious statistics of the country. In 1843, there were in the United States, 3584 Presbyterian churches, only 11 of them being in New England, and nine of that eleven, in New Hampshire, the other two, in Massachusetts. There were 2672 ordained ministers, and probably, 900 licentiates and candidates; and 279,782 communicants. There were, at the same time, stated upon the same authority, not far from 1500 Congregational churches; the Presbyterians exceeding them, by two thousand and eighty-four. Of these

fifteen hundred churches, more than one thousand were in New England. The number of Congregational ministers was about 1350, against 3572 ministers and licentiates, of the Presbyterian church, the balance, in favor of the latter, being 2222. The Congregational communicants are stated at 180, 000, being nearly, 100,000 less than those of the Presbyterians, at the same time. This estimate of the Congregational churches and ministers, does not include those, which have rejected, what are called, the doctrines of the Reformation, better known as Unitarian. The churches of this last description, are nearly all confined to Massachusetts, where Congregationalism first began. I believe there is no instance where a Presbyterian church has directly and openly adopted the faith and forms of Unitarianism. The Federal Street Church, in Boston, which was the second Presbyterian church ever organized in New England, and which was successively under the pastoral care of Morehead and Annin, two zealous disciples of Knox and Calvin, might seem to be an exception. But the members of that church voted to change, and did change, the form of its government to that of Congregationalism, before it became Unitarian.

In view of the very imperfect, brief, and hasty sketch of the origin, progress, character and success of Presbyterianism in New England, and throughout the United States, which has been attempted to-day ; who is prepared to estimate the value of the labors, the sacrifices, and the sufferings of its early founders? Who does not perceive and acknowledge the vast importance of the mission of the Scotch-Irish to our shores? Failing, in their first attempt to reach us, from physical causes, altogether above and beyond their control, they hastened back upon that "Eagle-Wing," which proved too frail to sustain them in the wider trans-atlantic flight, which they meditated, not to repair and refit for a second voyage, the feeble craft in which they had hazarded their lives; but to fit and prepare themselves, their countrymen and their poster-

ity for the great work ; which although postponed for a time, they foresaw, must sooner or later devolve upon them. That work was to raise the standard of their religion in the vast wilderness of America. Hither, in God's own time, they came, bringing with them, what was better than silver and gold, their habits of untiring industry, of frugality, and strict economy : bringing with them, that unconquerable energy of character, which overcomes all opposition ; bringing with them, minds enlightened and enriched by the best learning of the age, and a religious profession and a faith drawn from the bible, and tested by the sufferings and the martyrdom of thousands of its converts. With such habits, and with such moral and religious principles, they could not fail of success.

But the length to which these remarks have extended, admonishes me that it is time to dismiss the subject, and to take my leave. Still, I would linger at the parting, hesitate upon the farewell. Standing, as I do, in the midst of the friends of my youth, my school-mates, and the playmates of my childhood, each face, and each familiar name associated with some of the dearest recollections of my life ; I would, before we part, gladly recount, with you, some of the events, and revive some of the scenes, with which we were so familiar, in our earlier, younger and brighter days. I would run with you again over the green fields to cull the wild flowers, or, stray away into the pastures, to gather the mountain-laurel, which blooms upon our native land, as it blooms no where else. I would ascend the highest hill, for a broader gaze upon the bright horizon which encircles us. I would plunge into the forest, or loiter along the meadow-brook, or I would launch, with you, the light boat, for a sail upon the clear bosom of the ever-flowing Merrimack. Or, we could go back, if we would, in imagination, to our childish gambols. We could join in the sportive mirth of a Thanksgiving evening, or rejoice in the holy-day pastimes of the General

Election and the Fourth of July. We might revisit the old school-house, and once more con over those, sometimes irksome, but always most important tasks of elemental learning, which have so often puzzled and perplexed us.

Would we not, if we had the time, recall some of the scenes of the severe daily toil of our fathers? We might drive "the team afield" again; and even put our hands to the plough once more. It would do us no harm. It was the honest and healthful employment, by which, they, who brought us into life, earned their and our daily bread. Or, in the stillness of the sacred Sabbath morning, we might assemble at the old meeting-house, and listen to him, who was commissioned to bear the message of peace to the upright in heart, and denounce with fearful indignation the unrighteous and the dissolute.

We would recross the threshold of the dear old cottage, where first the light of Heaven was revealed to our wondering eyes, — where we were nurtured and sustained by the fondness of a father, and where every wish was anticipated, and every want supplied from that over-flowing fountain of kindness — a mother's love — which never fails, but with the latest pulsation, and the last breath of her with whom it dwells. And would we not, sad and sorrowful as might be the duty, repair, once again, to that hallowed spot of earth, "where heaves the turf, in many a mouldering heap," the common burial ground of our kindred and our friends; and, kneeling solemnly and prayerfully, around the grave of a venerated father, or bending, in unabated grief, over the ashes of a sainted mother, should we not find consolation in the belief, that *their spirits*, though released from the body, still lingered around, to hold communion with our own,— that they may still be the unseen guardian angels, to shield and protect us, in all our trials and temptations, while we live, and to beckon us on to a happy immortality.

But I am unwilling to ask your further forbearance; and I will only beg leave, in conclusion, using the language of an eminent English poet, to repeat a sentiment, to which I am certain all hearts will respond, with the most cheerful alacrity.

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside;
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Here woman reigns: the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers, the narrow way of life:
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth*, be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that *spot*, *thy* home."